

*The History of*

breake the pate on thee, I am a very villaine, com & be hangd,  
hast no faith in thee?

*Enter Gads-bill.*

*Gadsbill* Good morrow Carriers whats a clocke?

*Car.* I thinke it be two a clock.

*Gad.* I prethee lend me thy lanterne, to see my gelding in the stable.

*Car.* Nay by godsoft, I know a trickeworth two of that I faith.

*Gad.* I prethee lend me thine.

*Car.* I, when canst tell: lend me thy lanterne. (quoth he) marry Ile see thee hangd first.

*Gad.* Sirra Carrier, what time doe you meane to come to London?

*Car.* Time enough to go to bed with a candle, I warrant thee. Come neighbour Muges, wee'll call vp the Gentlemen, they wil a long with company, for they haue great charge.

*Enter Chamberlaine.*

*Gad.* What ho: Chamberlaine.

*Cham.* At hand quoth pick-purse.

*Gad.* Thats euen as faire, as at hand quoth the Chamberlaine for thou variest no more from picking of purses, then giuing direction doth from laboring: thou layest the plot how.

*Cham.* Good morrow master Gadsbill, it holds currant that I told you yester night, thers a Franckelin in the wilde of kent, hath brought three hundred markes with him in gould. I heard him tell it to one of his company last night at supper, a kinde of Auditor, one that hath abundance of charge too. God knowes what they are vp already, and call for egges & butter, they will away presently.

*Gad.* Sirra, if they meet not with Saint Nicholas clarkes, Ile giue thee this necke.

*Cham.* No, Ile none of it, I pray thee keepe that for the hangman, for I know thou worshipest Saint Nicholas, as truly as a man of fals hood may.

*Gad.* What talkest thou to me of the hangman? if I hang, Ile make a fat paire of gallowes: for if I hang, old sir Iohn hangs with me, & thou knowst he is no flaruling, tut, there are other

Troians

*Henry the fourth.*

Troians that thou dream'st not of, the which for sport sake are content to do the profession, some grace, that would (if matters should be lookt into) for their own credit sake make a whole: I am ioined with no foot-land rakers, no long staffe sixpenny strikers, non of these mad mustachio purple hewd malt worms, but with nobility, & tranquillity, Burgomasters & great Oneyers, such as can hold in such as will strike sooner then speake, & speake sooner then drinke, and drinke sooner then pray, & yet (Zounds) I lie, for they pray continually to their saint the Common-wealth, or rather not pray to her, but pray on her, for they ride vp and downe on her, and make her their booties.

*Cham.* What, the Common-wealth their booties? wil she hold out water in foule way?

*Gad.* She wil, she wil, iustice hath liquord her: we steale as in a castle cocksure, we haue the receipt of Fernefeede, we walke inuisible.

*Cham.* Nay, by my faith, I thinke you are more beholding to the night then to Fernefeed, for your walking inuisible.

*Gad.* Giue me thy hand, thou shalt haue a share in our purchase as I am a true man.

*Cham.* Nay, rather let me haue it, as you are a false theefe.

*Gad.* Go to, *homo* is a common name to all men: bid the ostler bring my Gelding out of the stable, farewell ye muddy knaue.

*Enter Prince, Poines, and Peto &c.*

*Poines.* Come shelter, shelter, I haue remoued Falstalffes horse, and he fiers like a gum'd Veluet.

*Prince* Stand close.

*Enter Falstalffe.*

*Fal.* Poines, Poines, and be hangd Poines.

*Prince.* Peace ye fat kidneyd rascall, what a brawling doest thou keepe?

*Fal.* What Poines, *Hal*?

*Prince.* He is walkt vp to the top of the hill, Ile go seeke him.

*Fal.* I am accus'd to rob in that theeues company, the rascall hath remoued my horse, and tyed him I know not where, if I trauel but foure foote by the squire further a foote, I shal break my winde. Well, I doubt not but to dye a faire death for all this, if I scape hanging for killing that rogue, I haue forsworne his company hourelly any time this xxii. yeere and yet I am bewitcht.

C. 3

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